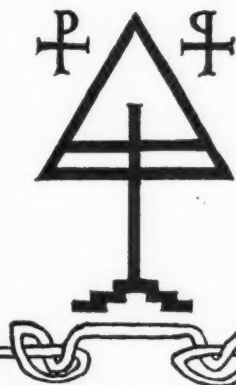


# THE FIELD AFAR



VILLAGE OF 1500 IN CHEH-KIANG.

*(The Chief of this village has recently entered the Church.)*

VOL. XI. No. 6



JUNE, 1917



PRICE 10 CENTS



JUNE - BLOOM - AT MARYKNOLL.

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of eight priests, twenty students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is—Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of four professors, three of whom are priests.

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1917

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA  
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Eleven  
Number Six

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Twelve Issues Yearly

## THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Published on the  
fifteenth day of each month by the  
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

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Communications and rosaries every Friday  
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*From Benefactors here and abroad*—  
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monthly and as many rosaries of-  
fered each week for all members of  
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*From Missioners in the Field*—  
Three hundred Masses yearly;  
Frequent Communications and prayers of  
faithful converts.

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MARYKNOLL, . . OSSINING, P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of  
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.  
Checks and other payments may be  
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.  
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent  
upon application.

*If June recalls the Divine Heart  
of Jesus Christ, it should make us  
remember that Our Lord's Heart  
broke not for any one race of peo-  
ple but for all mankind. His was  
the world-wide heart, and such  
should be ours in its sympathies.*

\* \*

THREE of our Burse patrons  
celebrate their feasts this  
month,—St. John the Baptist, St.  
Aloysius, and St. Anthony.

\* \*

**P**REPARE. This is the coun-  
try's watchword and it applies  
not only to immediate needs, but  
to the future. Even now the busi-  
ness world is looking ahead to  
after-war conditions and actually  
planning for those days.

*Prepare.* Catholic missioners  
are groaning under the strain of  
increased responsibility and di-  
minished numbers, but this condi-  
tion will yet be worse because the  
supply of men from Europe has  
been stopped—and years must  
elapse before it is resumed.

*Prepare.* Is not this God's call  
to the American Church?

\* \*

**W**E have a friend who sighed a  
few years ago, when he real-  
ized that Maryknoll would expend  
its energies largely on foreigners  
in other lands. Lately he visited  
us and sighed again, more deeply,  
because his country had gone to  
war and he himself might have to  
lose some time—and possibly a  
leg or his life—in a foreign land.

Someone remarked to him that  
if every heart was a *Catholic* heart  
national boundaries would come

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to mean very little—indeed, would  
hardly be noticed. And our friend  
began to see a little light on the  
value of foreign mission enter-  
prise.

\* \*

"THEY say"—whoever *they* are  
—that small nations must dis-  
appear. We are no prophets at  
Maryknoll, but we see the ends of  
the earth drawing together so  
steadily, and strange peoples get-  
ting to know one another so  
easily, that we believe even big  
nations may yet lose their identity.

A long way off, you say?  
Well nobody knows anything  
these days except that God is in  
the heavens, and the earth is  
ablaze, and great changes are com-  
ing rapidly.

We wish, however, to add this  
word. Without the Prince of  
Peace there can be no *lasting*  
peace, and those of us who follow  
His Standard must learn to look  
upon the man who walks at our  
side as a brother, whatever may be  
the country of his birth or the  
color of his skin.

\* \*

**U**NDER the caption, "How Not  
To Get Recruits," we read  
some weeks ago in a New York

THE FIELD AFAR IS 10 YEARS OLD.

daily some strictures on this poster:

**An Opportunity to See the World.  
Foreign Travel. Good Pay.  
Expenses Paid.  
For Full Information apply to Postmaster.**

The writer's point, the unworthiness in this great crisis of such a purely selfish and trivial appeal, was well taken. He contrasts the appeal with these words, addressed on an earlier occasion to the Italian people by one of their leaders:

"Follow me. I offer you neither wealth, nor ease, nor comfort. You shall have privation, distress, suffering, and in the end death. I promise nothing more than that."

These words were an appeal to the spirit of patriotism only. The motive that actuated them was a natural one, and the opportunity offered was to destroy life that a country might be free. Apply these same words to a group of Catholic missionaries leaving all for the souls of men and we could almost believe that they were the words of our Divine Leader.

+ +

**Who will have Masses and prayers offered, and who will make sacrifices, for your soul's welfare when that soul shall have left this earth?**

+ +

ANYBODY who opens the mail at Maryknoll is soon convinced that this is hardly a business enterprise. Occasional appeals bring a fair return, and sometimes the gentle hints of THE FIELD AFAR are taken, but our experience in this work has been a succession of surprises. Gifts come usually from unexpected sources, even from strangers whom we have never had a chance to impress.

Since our last issue a thousand dollar annuity arrived from a Massachusetts priest, who is building up for our future work a Catechist Fund in memory of the late revered Archbishop of Boston, John Joseph Williams.

Other indications of a watchful Providence may be noted in these receipts:

Annuity from a friend in Pa.	\$100.00
Increase to the Blessed Sacrament Burse	250.00
Response to a \$1 appeal (Brooklyn)	100.00
From a Card-party (unsolicited), Mass.	144.00
For Students' personal needs, N. Y.	150.00
From a "Spiritual Uncle"—a Dubuque priest	100.00
Legacy from Baltimore	106.34
For St. Columba's Burse	180.00
From two brothers in N. Y. C.—both strangers to the work	250.00

+ +

WILL the mission cause suffer greatly through the entry of the United States into the war? Perhaps it will: perhaps not. Undoubtedly there will be retrenchment among our people, but expenditures for the missions should not be among the first curtailed, and probably will not be. After looking into the face of death we more clearly see the affairs of life in their right proportions. Conscience will not fail to dictate wherein we have wasted time and means that might have been spent in bringing souls to God.

If we must, with agonized gaze, follow our own best-prized young men to the line of battle, our Catholic hearts will tensely pray, as Catholic hearts have ever prayed, that amid this dread tumult the sweet Saviour may seek in the Holy Viaticum those of our boys who are stricken down. Shall we not, then, grow thoughtful also for the multitudes who never have known the Saviour, nor had the joy of hearing from the lips of His priests the gently spoken, "Go in peace, and God bless you"?

However, we pray that God will save our country from the school of pain and in His mercy lead us by tenderer ways to spend our lives in His service. Our friends should throw their energy into this prayer with great confidence, in this month dedicated to the in-

finite Source of Grace, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

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Postage ten cents extra.

**AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN ALASKA**  
(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Price 50 cts. Postage 10 cts. extra.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR  
Ossining New York

FROM the University of Notre Dame we have received a gratifying announcement that a "campaign in behalf of the Bengal (India) Mission" was started there some weeks ago. The Very Rev. Dr. Cavanaugh is quoted as alluding to Notre Dame as "the fair flower of the foreign missionary zeal of the past century."

Missionary talks were given to the students of each residence hall by priests of the University, and, at the suggestion of the Very Rev. President, a Foreign Mission Society will be organized at the University. Already several hundreds of daily Communicants at Notre Dame are giving some of their spiritual treasure to the mission cause.

The writer of the announcement states that, as far as he is aware, this will be the "first Foreign Mission Society among lay students of a Catholic College in the United States."

First or latest, it matters not, so long as this movement shall progress. If it is the first it is a confession that our Catholic Colleges have not until now been Catholic enough.

It is pleasant to hear of these Notre Dame activities, but we shall not be content until we learn that this or some other well-equipped University has a branch of its School over in Eastern Asia.



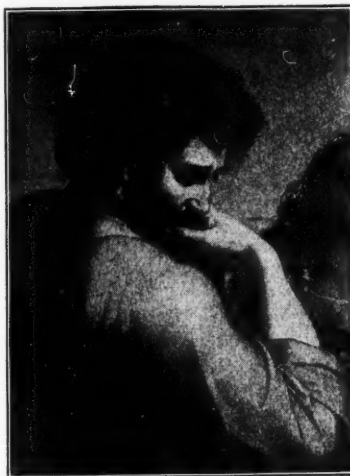
### St. Paul and the Nations.

MODERN warfare these past few years has been waged along the same plan as that against the powers of darkness. As the nations fight today in trenches that furrow the face of Europe, so did SS. Peter and Paul attack the fortress of Satan. There was no concentration of forces in one locality. St. Paul, as he crossed and recrossed the Mediterranean, set up his breastworks at every important stronghold. Ephesus, Troas, Philippi, Thessalonica, Corinth, and Athens were guarded by disciples whom he hurriedly instructed as he pushed on. He yearned to attack the citadel of the world and to withstand the Cæsars in their Imperial City, and no sooner was he landed on the shores of Italy than he began his battle against the gods of Rome.

Boldness in attack meant half the battle, and St. Paul was wholehearted, caring naught for the prudence of the worldly-wise. Had not his Divine Captain said, "Go ye into the whole world?" It was the blind obedience of the soldier that made him fearless of results. "I have fought the good fight," he afterwards said, as he saw his line of entrenchments extending from Asia Minor into the heart of Rome and soon to burrow to the coasts of Spain.

The very fields now bullet-riddled in the contest of the Nations were won to Christ by the sweat and blood of the early leaders of Christianity.

Modern warfare in the spiritual world, the end of which is eternal peace or hell, is carried on in similar mode. Fr. McQuaide in his new book, *With Christ in China*, brings out the resemblance strikingly. The outposts of our Faith in China are stretched from coast to coast. Each big city has its wing of God's army, each district is mapped out and entrusted to a single missionary. We no



(Raphael.)

S A I N T P A U L .

longer fight in solid phalanx where each man's elbow is hampered by his neighbor's, where a well-aimed blow will work havoc in the ranks. Each soldier now is in the front rank where firing counts, where ardor is enflamed by greater responsibility.

The longer the trenches in Christ's army in China, the sooner will the powers of darkness recede and leave the mighty empire of four hundred million souls a democracy of brothers under a common Father, God.

We announce with deep regret the death of Mr. James E. Boland, one of the incorporators and directors of the Vénard Apostolic School, our preparatory establishment at Scranton.

Mr. Boland was well known in Wilkesbarre, where he had been engaged in business for many years and was a director of the Second National Bank. Mr. Boland leaves a widow and a devoted flock of sons and daughters, to whom we express our sympathy. We ask prayers for the soul of this exemplary man.

### Tributes and "Contributes."

A North Carolinian refers to THE FIELD AFAR as a "refreshing little publication," and—which is better still—expresses a resolve to find for it each month a new subscriber.

From other points of the compass have come the following:

I find THE FIELD AFAR good company, and have passed it on to a different neighbor each month.

The only fault I find with THE FIELD AFAR is that the covers are too near together. (Pawtucket, R. I.)

Just a line to carry greetings from California, about which your FIELD AFAR says so many nice things. I am really growing proud of California, even if I am not a "native son."

Enclosed you will find a dollar for a landslip. You may send me some more, as I find it very interesting to fill them. This one was filled as follows: found, 25c; collected, 10c; carfare saved, 20c; tips, 45c. (N. Y. C.)

Here are the contents of my mite-box. I am sending you the pennies from my Sunday collection. They are only the crumbs,—but if every priest would send you the crumbs I am sure the result would be surprising. (Rev. Friend, Neb.)

We are sending you a box, the result of many heavy showers we had during Lent. One week it rained face towels, one week dish towels, another week soap, and last but not least Shinola, shoe laces, collar buttons, handkerchiefs and thread.

A year ago I read in THE FIELD AFAR of a young lady who saved a cent a day for the education of the students at Maryknoll. I thought it such a good idea that I followed her example, putting a cent a day into my mite-box. Now I am sending you a money-order for \$3.65. (Pittsburgh, Pa.)

A few days ago I gave a "Poverty Euchre" at my home. Twenty guests were invited, each to bring a prize costing not more than ten cents, and a small contribution for a mite-box, the contents of which were to be sent to Maryknoll for sand and cement. The hostess served refreshments, and the prizes were opened with much amusement. Result: some pleasure, some charity.

H A S N O P A I D A G E N T S .

### About Medical Missions.

A NEW ENGLAND prelate has picked up a circular bearing on medical missions (Protestant) and signed by nine well-known Americans, including, besides prominent physicians, a judge of the supreme bench, a librarian, and the vice-president of a trust company. We note a few of the more striking statements:

During the past fifteen years the alumni and students of one American university after another have taken up foreign missionary work.....A great opportunity now exists in Siam, which may even develop into the organization and maintenance of a medical school by means of funds contributed in part by Johns Hopkins University men. Such an institution will not only benefit Siam and a wide adjacent territory, but will as well exert a reflex influence for good upon all our Hopkins men, in widening their interests and giving them a larger world-vision.

Fifty years of faithful medical work by American medical missionaries have removed all native prejudice, and inspired great confidence and a strong desire for Western medicine. There is already a hospital of fifty beds, which is held in high repute by the people. Through the hospital, its dispensary, and its branches, about 100,000 patients are reached every year. Owing to the growth of the city, the location must be changed and the old, out-of-date hospital replaced by a new one.....A medical school with high standards now, will fix for generations to come the standards of medical education and practice, not only for the 7,000,000 people of Siam proper, but for at least 10,000,000 more who live in the regions east and north of Siam, who have no medical institutions, and whose territory is geographically adjacent and accessible to a central medical college in northern Siam.

Competent instructors, property and equipment are needed. The teaching is in English, so that men from America can at once begin useful service. The salary allowance is \$2,400 for a married man and \$1,200 for a single man. Two foreign nurses are also needed, and quarters for them .....It is not necessary to wait until all the funds (for building and equipment—\$95,200) are secured. Even with one man and funds for the hospital (\$25,000), a good beginning can be made.

### The Passing Note.

"THE Ossining post-mark is a real joy," writes a Sister of Charity in China.

May all who are din-dunned by our Teresians feel the same!

A K. of C. Council at Elmhurst, N. Y., heard recently, from Rev. George Caruana, a lantern-talk on Catholic Missions of the Far East.

*The Dial* of recent date,—an attractive magazine issued from St. Mary's College, Kansas,—published an article entitled, *Christ's Vineyard in Heathen Lands*. It is good to note that the eyes of young Catholic Collegians are being trained to see "beyond the frontiers." Incidentally, we may mention the fact that the writer, John J. Massoth '08, will soon be also a Maryknoll alumnus.

Some weeks ago the St. Ann's Club of Brighton sent, through the Boston Director of the Propagation of Faith, a gift of one hundred dollars, to start a Maryknoll Student Burse (for the Vénard) in honor of St. Ann. This club, we learn, has a record of several mission gifts to individuals and societies. Now that the Burse is started we shall be glad to hear from Christian Mothers' Associations and other organizations that love the mother of our Mother.

Joe Fie Ark, a young Chinaman of our acquaintance, wrote recently from Boston to say that he was on his way home to the old country and would gladly take any messages from Maryknoll to our friends in and around Canton.

"Joe" is a good type of a growing number of Catholic Chinese in the United States who cross the Pacific every few years and are a credit to the Faith which they have embraced.

Who, if not you, will remember your beloved dead?

The united missionary societies (Protestant) of the world find that last year was, financially, the greatest in their history,—this, in spite of war drains.

They admit however, that with the United States in the war, the supply of men for the mission field will steadily diminish, and that the situation is already acute so far as it concerns recruits from England and Scotland.

Thomas Tang, the Chinese student at Dubuque College whom we presented to our readers in the May issue of this palpitating monthly, has accepted an invitation to visit Maryknoll. He writes—in better hand-writing than our own:

I am in possession of your letter which, after careful consideration of the contents, gives me favorable impressions with the proposal you make me. Thanking you in anticipation.

Obediently yours,

THOMAS TANG.

Do you belong to the Anti-Waste Club? No, it is not a regular organization with President, Secretary and Treasurer, time-losing machinery and red-tape. It may extend to the circle of your household or, if you are a lone star in the firmament of this world, it may start and end with yourself.

Organize, and if you have any unexpected balance to your credit at the end of the month, set aside a little for mission needs.

The bugle call to help the missions is certainly being sounded along the line. Evidences are coming to us daily that are especially noteworthy. One Provincial Superior in the West has made it her special business to foreign-missionize every house under her direction. We feel that vocations will not be wanting where such a spirit prevails.

Lately from a convent in South Dakota we got this echo:

"Rev. Mother ——— visited us recently and was surprised that we were so tardy in recognizing the work of Maryknoll."

Miss Ria Nobechi, of Tokyo, has been leading the strenuous life in this part of the country. With St. Teresa's as her base she makes short flights, and returns radiant in the knowledge that she has made new friends for her beloved country and for THE FIELD AFAR. The lines that follow are from the Chairman of a committee in Valley Falls, R. I.:

Allow me to present the thanks of the Catholic Institute Lyceum for the delightful evening given us this week by the highly entertaining and instructive lecture of Miss Nobechi. It was indeed a revelation to all privileged to hear it. To say that we were delighted and enraptured does not fully express our feelings.

There was a young man of New York  
Who stabbed himself eating lean pork.  
Said he, "If I don't die  
I will go to Shanghai  
Where they don't use a knife or a  
fork."  
—A. Limerick.

St. Francis Seminary, Wisconsin, enjoyed its first Mission Sunday on April the fifteenth. The members of the St. Philip Neri Society, which was started a few years ago for the purpose of fostering the true missionary spirit in the hearts of the students, planned the program. The celebration was one of pleasure and enlightenment, not only for the two hundred and twenty members of the Society but also for the other students. The day began with the offering by the Seminarians of their Holy Communion for the missions. After breakfast, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated before His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Messmer, by the Rector of the Seminary, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Rainer.

The *Western Watchman* shows itself awake to vital mission needs by giving prominence to the following:

Father Schwager, S.V.D., whose writings on foreign mission topics show a mastery of the whole apostolic question, thinks that the vital mission problem of today is how to get workers in sufficient numbers to offset the tremendous activity of the Protestants in every corner of the heathen world.

Particularly is the danger great in China and Japan. There the most imperative need is schools, primary and secondary. He contends that much could be done to relieve the situation if each teaching community would assume a share of the burden. For the opening of a single school would advance the interests of the Church in the Orient.

We ourselves would rejoice to see our teaching communities big and little, especially those indigenous to America, reach out to this form of heroism. There is something lacking in a religious family that doesn't link itself with the infant Church by means of representatives among "the gentiles afar off." The holocausts of supremest zeal hallow ties that were otherwise commonplace.

At the Consecration of Bishop McCloskey in the Philadelphia Cathedral, Maryknoll was represented by two members of the Seminary faculty. It was a solemn ceremony, and particularly impressive for those who realized that the zealous apostle who received the fulness of the priesthood on that occasion was soon to bury himself in Zamboanga, one of the poorest dioceses of the Philippine Islands.

After the ceremony one of the Maryknollers, a stranger to Philadelphia, took a street car for the Reading Terminal, and planted himself according to custom near the coin and ticket chopper to keep that worthy in mind of his stop.

At a free moment the chopper spoke up: "Say, Father, whose funeral was that this morning?"

An explanation was offered, and the next street was not called, but the stranger's stop was remembered and as he left the car the blushing chopper remarked, "Gosh, that was one on me!"

If you are the man, here is the suggestion. Some day, please God, we shall have a substantial fire proof building at Maryknoll, with wall space for things of educational and artistic value. In anticipation of those days, will you keep us in mind if you wish to find a resting place for some first-

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(Bret-on-yair)

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class painting, or really good copy, now in your possession?

Another suggestion—and this is for Bishops and Monsignori (we might have added Archbishops):

We have been asked more than once for episcopal outfits by poor missionary bishops. At present we have in mind a bishop, above the average height and portly, who needs a mantelletta and a biretta, but who cannot spare the money to buy either article. In answer to his request we presume to ask our Most Reverend and Right Reverend friends to flash a light on either their own ward-robes or those of their predecessors and send the result to Maryknoll.



TANTUM ERGO SACRAMENTUM.

I S M O R E T H A N

3 5 , 0 0 0 .





THESE letters have escaped the submarines and we are pleased to record them.

**AFRICA**—Letters from Fr. Gutersohn, Belgium Congo; Fr. P. Rogan, Dar-es-Salam. Letter and photographs, Fr. MacLoone, Iganga. Letter and sketches, Fr. Stam, Mumias.

**BURMA**—Letter and sketches from Fr. Mourlanne, Ywegan.

**CEYLON**—Letter from Bishop Joulain, Jaffna.

**CHINA**—Letters from Bishop Rayssac, Swatow; Fr. Ouang, Kin-wha; Fr. Tsing, Ping-hu; Fr. O'Reilly, Chu Chow Fu. Letter and sketches, Fr. O'Leary, Kashing. Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. McArdle, Kashing.

**INDIA**—Letters from Bishop Eestermans, Lahore; Fr. Dominic, Trivandrum; Fr. Benkers, Madras. Letter and photographs, Fr. Merkes, Madras. Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. Grand, Pirangipuram.

**JAPAN**—Letters and stamps from Bishop Berlioz, Sendai; Bishop Combaz, Nagasaki. Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. Lemarie, Kumamoto. Letter, Fr. Hayasaki, Tenshudo.

**KOREA**—Letter and promise of a Mass, Bishop Demange, Taikou.

**MALASIA**—Letter from Fr. Bergh, Sarawak, Borneo.

#### FROM BRITISH E. AFRICA.

Foreign mission bishops publish yearly a report of *spiritual returns*, and for those who have become interested in the Catholic propaganda these reports make as a rule very satisfactory reading. Here, for example, is a brief report from Bishop Biermans (of the Upper Nile, British East Africa) who visited the United States a few years ago:

You will be pleased to learn the following items from the Yearly Report which I sent lately to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda. The number of catechumens increased by 6,739, making their total now 37,989; 3,476 persons, of whom the majority were adults, were baptized; and Confessions and Holy Communion showed a remarkable increase, the latter totalling 2,501,98. Certainly we have many consolations in the midst of all our difficulties.

With reasonable economy enough could be saved from the expense account of an ordinary funeral to enroll in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, as a Perpetual Associate, the deceased relative or friend.

God forgive our good Bishop Biermans for making me a Superior for the time being, here in Busoga. I love the Busoga but I detest the word *Superior*,—not that there are not many excellent men Superiors! As the *Imitation* says, it is easier to obey than to command. Well, any way, here I am working among my dusky darlings the Busoga, all of which I love even more than dollars,—and you know I have a weakness that way, too.

I have just got back from my first Safari in Busoga. After doing about 500 miles on my own bicycle through the scattered posts of our tremendous district, with its population of 100,000 heathens, here are my spiritual returns: Confessions, 141; Communion, 155; Baptisms, 9; Extreme Unctions, 3.

You have heard, no doubt, and read in all the American papers, about the wonderful bravery and many gallant deeds of the Irish officer, Lieut. MacLoone, during his brief visit to German East Africa, where he went to assist the Baganda. But let me tell you something else, which was published in the angelic papers of heaven: I baptized 69 in danger of death, heard 495 Confessions; and administered 135 Communion, 59 Extreme Unctions, and 6 Holy Viaticums. God blessed my poor efforts at the front. I loved the time spent there, and found it far too short. (Fr. B. F. MacLoone.)

#### CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

? ? ?

*What is the difference between a priest in China and one in the United States?*

The Pacific Ocean.

*Where is the Chinese Wall?*

One part of it is in China; the other may be around your heart and you don't know it.

*Is the average heathen worth baptizing?*

That depends on whether he is to be considered a human being or not.

We have been holding a reading-glass over the latest report of Catholic Missions in China, published in Peking. Here are a few facts worth noting:

The war has cut down results about forty per cent. In other words, there was an increase of 60,000 Christians during this past year as against 100,000 the year before.

#### WITH CHRIST IN CHINA.

By Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, Ph.D., Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco.

Price - - - - One Dollar  
(On sale at Maryknoll.)

The native Chinese priests are more numerous than ever. There are actually 828 of them, all doing excellent work.

A new vicariate has been created by Rome in East Honan, and given to our friends from Milan, Italy.

To-day there are nearly 1,800,000 Catholics in China, ministered to by 1,437 European priests assisted by 828 native priests,—a total of 2,265 priests in all.

The Jesuits at Kiang-nan (which includes Shang-hai) have a vicariate that embraces within its territorial limits no less than 50,000,000 inhabitants, of whom not many more than 200,000 are Catholics,—that is, one out of every 213 people.

The Lazarists in North Chihli (where Peking is located) report almost as many Catholics as the Jesuits,—204,861 out of a population of only 4,300,000, or one out of every 20 people.

On the other hand, the Lazarists in Cheh-kiang have in a territory occupied by 10,000,000 only 31,251 Catholics,—hardly one out of every 350.

The Steyl Fathers (Society of the Divine Word) report in South Shantung 86,150 Catholics out of a population of 12,000,000.

In Hong-kong the Milan Society counts 19,820 spiritual children out of 3,400,000 people.

The Dominicans in Foo-chow are working among 14,000,000 and have yet to reach the number of 50,000 Catholics.

The largest vicariate territorially under the Paris Foreign Mission Society is that of Canton, over which Bishop de Guebriant has recently been placed. To many Americans this vicariate, which holds 19,000,000 people, has a special interest from the fact that most of our laundrymen claim it as their native province. There are in the Canton Vicariate 35,773 Catholics, or one out of every 500 pagans.



Do any of our readers remember Mother Agnelle, a Franciscan Missionary of Mary, who spent several years in the United States?

She has been in Harbin, Manchuria, and now has received word from Rome to go to Shansi to found a new house. The house will be consecrated, she tells us, to the harboring of little Chinese babies who would otherwise be thrown to the pigs and dogs as soon as born. Three hundred such infants are already awaiting Mother Agnelle's care. They are at present under the protection of the Virgins of Purgatory, an order of native religious women.

We owe to Mother Agnelle this kind appreciation of Maryknoll and the American clergy:

The progress of your Seminary is marvellous. I cannot tell you how I rejoice for the great good which it will accomplish. The young and zealous priesthood of America has certainly a great rôle to play in the future. Where will be the field of your first priests?

I congratulate the Seminary also on the splendid idea of forming an auxiliary-brotherhood as companions for its priests. Solitude is so depressing in a foreign country and the presence of one or two brothers will be a great help to your missionaries.

#### FROM HERE AND THERE.

Traveling would not seem to be an attractive feature of life in Tongking. Fr. Cothonay writes of a recent journey:

After visiting my several missions in the mountains, I came back to Lang-Son through rain and mud. Two typhoons had ravaged everything and the roads were very bad. To ascend a swollen river for thirty miles, I had to spend two days and as many nights in a small, rotten, ill-smelling boat, where I was surrounded by quarreling passengers, opium-smoking rowers, and all kinds of merchandise.

If you have, or have access to, a "stock of funny books, riddles, puzzles, etc.," send them—no not here, because we have no time for such things—but, for his school, to

Rev. L. Bergh,  
Banan, Sarawak, Borneo.

Fr. Bergh—who is a Van den Bergh—says that he wishes to keep his little blackies "daily bussy," which, after all, insinuates a condition preferable to that expressed by a German friend of ours, a hard worker, who said that he was always "boozy."

A venerable priest, Fr. Laurence Mulder, O. P., passed to his reward lately on one of the smallest islands of the West Indies. He was known as "The Man on the Rock." For more than twenty-five years he labored on his little island, which was hardly

#### Bernadette of Lourdes

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Translated by J. H. Gregory

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more than a huge boulder. Every Sunday morning he said Mass and preached a sermon in the church on the top of the rock, and then made a seven-hours journey down the steep cliff to perform the same duties in the chapel on the beach. During his forty-five years in the West Indies Fr. Mulder never returned to his own country, Holland. His mother, a woman of simple faith, resigned herself generously to his absence, saying, "If I felt that a single soul would be lost through his return I should not wish to see him."



A STRIKING SCENE IN THE FIJI ISLANDS.

(Photo sent by Fr. Guinard.)

From the Fiji Islands out in Oceania comes a balmy breeze in the form of a letter from Bishop Vidal, who once called at Maryknoll and who has always kept, as he left, a pleasant impression of his visit. The bishop is 'fond of his flock, and the Fiji sheep follow their shepherd with great devotion.

H A V E B E C O M E I T S F R I E N D S .

## A PAGE FROM INDIA.



MONSIGNOR MERKES—THE "V. G." OF MADRAS—WITH HIS "VACOMOBILE."

If you, who meditate often on eternity, wish to get in touch, while in this your exile, with *Al-ways*, write to Fr. Varghese Payapilly (no, this name is Indian) of Alwaye, Travancore, South India. He has a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and now he is looking for the gift of a grotto.

Fr. Merkes—he is Vicar-General and Monsignor, by the way—of Madras likes Maryknoll, where he spent some pleasant days during a rather unprofitable American hat-in-hand tour a couple of years ago.

Fr. Merkes was ill for a long time in Europe before he could get back to his much-loved mission, and now he writes that he has spent another month in bed. He adds, however, that sacrifice is a great help in missionary work.

Archbishop Morel, of Pondichery, in a recent letter says that he is busy buying trees and preparing brick kilns to repair the ruins wrought some months ago by a cyclone in his district.

"It is wonderful," he writes, "how quickly the natives rebuild their huts." His Grace adds that the crops are not so bad as it was thought they would be and he is thankful.

Archbishop Morel is the spirit-

ual superior of Fr. Gavan Duffy, who spent some months at Maryknoll last year.

Notre Dame in Indiana has a fine chance to help one of its sons and to lay the foundation of a branch in India. Fr. Hennessy, of the Holy-Cross-Bandura-Gobindpur-English (perhaps some other names should be added here) High School in Bengal writes:

Our school is named Holy Cross, after the Mission of Holy Cross; Bandura, after the village formerly the centre of the Catholic mission; and Gobindpur, after the Hindu school which asked to be amalgamated with it. Starting with about 100 pupils, it now has over 500. Once the stronghold of paganism, it now bids fair to become a centre of great Christian influence.

We have the full High School course of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, English, Bengali, Persian, Sanskrit, Arabic, Indian history, geography, and drawing. The languages include grammar and literature, as well as translation into English.

Twenty teachers are employed. Of these twenty, but one—besides myself and a Brother—is Christian. Why is this? Because Christians simply cannot be had. It is only now that Christians are beginning to go in for High School education. This is the only High School for natives in the diocese, but if all goes well, and financial aid is forthcoming we shall be able in the future to replace the Hindu teachers by Christian ones.

Pagans and Mohammedans are most anxious to go to the Mission School, and are most docile and willing. At

present there are 300 Hindus, 95 Mohammedans, and 92 Christians. All play and go to class together and are the best of friends and neighbors, just as "thick" as chums among the different persuasions in an American school or club. If you ever pay us a visit you will not find it an easy task picking out Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians, as they sit side by side in the classroom or jostle one another in the playground.

The Christian attendance is small, because the Christians are the poorest of the poor. At the age of twelve their boys run to the cities to take up the work of cooks. *Cookism* runs in their blood. They begin by being water-carriers or potato-peelers for some cook relative. The parents, when approached on the question of having the child continue at school, argue in this manner: "It is bad enough to have to feed my son in idleness while he is at school, but to pay fees in addition is a burden I cannot and will not bear. He must go to work if he cannot get his schooling free." So to work he goes, as is shown by the fact that there are upwards of 6,000 Christians in the school district and yet less than 50 Christian pupils in the High School classes.

Many a good and promising lad has his desire for study denied and has become a dishwasher from want of school fees. Yet the fees are paltry. Tuition alone is \$1.75 a month; with board, \$2. The handicap to our further progress at present is lack of means. Not only Christians, but Hindus and Mohammedans, come to me and cry, actually cry, for a chance to go to school.

*There are pins more expensive than the Maryknoll Chi Rho (key-roe), but we know of none more simple or more expressive.*

I F Y O U L I K E U S

## How The Call Came.

By a Vénardier.



It was hot, intensely hot; so hot in fact, that the two boys who were stretched lazily on the beach, watching the waves beat against the rocky cliffs, found speaking

an effort.

Presently one of them broke the silence: "Whee but it's hot; isn't it, Bob?"

"Yah, you bet," was the answer.

Silence reigned for awhile, until the same youngster again broke it: "Let's take a swim, Bob."

"No, I don't want to. I was in this morning."

"Say, Jack, let's pay 'Old Cap' a visit."

The suggestion met with approval and soon the two boys were hurrying towards a small shack at the far end of the beach. There they found "Old Cap" seated on a bench, quietly smoking his pipe.  
*Bent, like a laboring oar, that  
toils in the surf of the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was  
the form of the captain before  
them;*

*Hearty and hale was he, an oak  
that is covered with snow-  
flakes;*

*White as the snow were his locks,  
and his cheeks as brown as  
the oak leaves."*

"Hello, youngers," he slowly drawled, as he took the pipe from his mouth. "Where be ye a-goin' this hot day?"

"Oh," replied Jack, "we were tired of watching the waves beating against the rocks, so we came down to have a chat with you. My, but isn't it hot, though? Do you remember a hotter day, Cap?"

"Lots of 'em," replied the old salt.

The boys took this as a signal that a story was coming, so they sat down beside the captain and waited patiently.

"Yes sir'ee, sonny," began the old man, "many's the hot day I spent on the water, an' in t'other

places too, but I calc'late none was as hot as the months I spent in China."

"China!" exclaimed Bob, "and were you away over in China?"

"Thet I war, sonny, an' Chineese sure is some place. I remember one very hot day I was in—lemme see—Hing King?—no, Hong Kong, that's it—an' I saw a crowd of Chineemen goin' into a large buildin', so I ups and an' follers arter, so's to escape the heat."

"When I got inside I looks around an' saw thet it was a temple, an' away up front war a big statue of a heathen god. Well, it war the funniest thing to see those Chineemen a-bowin' an' a-scrapin' an' a-shakin' their pig-tails at thet there thing, as if it was alive."

"Pretty soon a band of ugly-dressed Chineese came in, a-beatin' a large drum an' a-shoutin' at the top o' their lungs."

"What did they do that for?" broke in Bob.

"What for? Why to drive the evil spirits away, sonny."

"And don't they believe in the one true God, Who became man and died for our salvation?" asked Jack earnestly,

"No, sonny," the captain made reply, "the pore little children over there know nothin' about the Babe Who was born in Bethle'm. Why sonny, when a father can't take keer of his child he throws him into the river, that's what."

"And arn't they ever saved at all?" asked Jack.

"Well, I remember meetin' some mish'ners what took 'em in, but often the pore little kids dies of starvation."

"Aw, that's too bad. Arn't you sorry for those little babies, Jack?" asked Bob. "And arn't you, Cap?" he continued.

"I shore am," replied the old salt, "an' ef I war young again, sonny, I would take the first boat for Chineese an' start a-preachin' the true religion to them Chinks, right away. 'Pears to me there oughter be some young 'uns in this neighborhood that 'ud take it into

their heads to help the pore Chinks out. Don't you think so, son?"

"I sure do, Cap," Jack made answer. "When I get big and can earn money, I'm going to buy a lot of those Chinese babies—just you wait and see."

"Thet's talkin', sonny. I reelly b'lieve yer have the makin's of a mish'ner in yer, thet I do. I often wishes myself thet I had a younker your size thet 'ud some day go a-preachin' to them there Chineese. An' take it from me younkers, ef I knew a young 'un from this neighborhood thet 'ud go there I'd be willin' to help him. I ain't so very rich, but I guess I could spare a mite for the Lord. Yes sir, I shore would."

At this moment the long threatening thunder was heard pealing in the distance so Bob broke in, saying, "Well, Cap, it looks as though it would rain soon, so we'll be going."

The old captain shook hands with the boys, thanked them for coming, and then slowly entered the shack, muttering to himself, "I shore would, I shore would."

Three years had passed since the chat with "Old Cap" but, for some unexplained reason, Jack was unable to forget the suffering Chinese babies told of by the old sea-captain. Time and time again the thought occurred to him that he ought to be helping these poor unfortunate Chinese children.

He tried to banish the thought, but was never able to rid himself of it completely.

*"Then through those realms of  
shade, in multiplied reverbera-  
tions,*

*Heard he that cry of pain, and  
through the hush that suc-  
ceeded*

*Whispered a gentle voice, in ac-  
cents tender and saint-like,"*

"Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to all creatures."

Soon the thought became a desire. Then at last Jack realized that it was the voice of the Divine

S A Y S O T O O T H E R S .



Master urging upon him that best of all His gifts, the call to the Apostolate.

But how could he answer it? He was a poor boy, with no means to provide for the necessary years of study and preparation. Then all at once flashed into his mind the closing words of that never-to-be-forgotten conversation of three years ago:

"Ef I knew a young 'un from this neighborhood thet 'ud go there I'd be willin' to help him—I shore would."

Sure now of his vocation, and seeing the road to its fulfillment clear before him, Jack made application to the Foreign Mission Seminary. When the welcome letter of acceptance arrived from the Superior, Jack made haste to break the glad news to his friend, and so great was the joy of "Old Cap" that he fell on his knees and thanked his Maker for having fulfilled his wish, that he might help educate a youth from the neighborhood for the foreign missions.

Six years were spent by Jack in preparing for his holy calling. At last the day of his Ordination came. How happy was the young priest as he celebrated his first Mass! What great joy was his when he called his Maker from His heavenly throne to the altar before him!

But if his joy was great, it was almost equalled by the happiness that filled the heart of one other on beholding him offering the Holy Sacrifice. This was "Old Cap," rejoicing in the thought that he had helped educate a young priest to carry Christ's message of peace to the heathen and to save for Heaven some of those "pore little Chinees kids."

Years after, when one would stop at the shack to chat with "Old Cap," he would always say:

"An' ter think thet thet there story o' mine made Jackie become a priest! I allus knew the Good Lord would sometime let me do somethin' to help those pore Chinks out."

#### ON FIELDS AFAR.

No post is there in that great throng  
Whose quarrel is the Lord's,  
But what the grace of such a place  
An honest pride affords.

I love the good and holy nuns  
Who live to work and pray;  
And I love well the monks that dwell  
Within the cloister gray.

Those other Christs to me are dear  
Who wend the busy mart,  
That souls may feel the burning zeal  
That flames within their heart.

Full many are the ways to serve,  
Nor any yields to mine;  
But as for me, I needs must be  
Out on the firing line.

Out where the fight is desperate,  
Herculean the toil;  
The foeman's steel I long to feel  
With button off the foil.

And, if 'twere there my fate to fall,  
Such happy destiny  
No angel prone at Heaven's throne,  
But what would envy me.

Oh, glorious is any post  
Within the King's array;  
Nor is His call the same to all,  
Each serveth as he may;

And in that army never soul  
Unworthier than mine,  
Yet, for my part, I cannot be  
But on the firing line.

BY A VÉNARD.

*This is what happens when you fail to send in your changed address:*

1. The paper goes to the old stopping-place and—it can't get in.  
2. It goes back to your former post-office.

3. Your former postmaster fills out a card and sends to Maryknoll the awful news that you have moved. He requests instructions and stamps to forward the darling.

4. If we know to what part of the world you have gone, we arrange to have the waiting paper sent to your new address.

5. Then your stencil is taken from its box. The frame is saved but a new stencil must be hammered out, and when this is done the change must be noted on your index-card and on a tab-card that goes into your stencil-frame.

We do not ask you to relieve us of operation No. 5 (we move ourselves, occasionally) but you can help us considerably by sending on a post-card your full name, old address, and new address. Do this before you pay the furniture-mover and we shall be quite certain of notification.

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(The Chi-Rho.)



Twenty-five cents apiece.

Six for one dollar.

Forty for five dollars.

It consists of two Greek letters—Chi (key) and Rho (roe)—the monogram of Christ. The circle symbolizes the world, and the entire emblem signifies the mission of Christ to the world.

Address: Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

To the Buffalo Catholic Institute Library we are indebted for a Chinese Manual of considerable interest.

*With Christ in China*, the latest book on Catholic Foreign Missions, is having a good sale. It is being read in seminaries and colleges, and by many interested readers of THE FIELD AFAR. Our present stock is limited, but we have about twenty copies on hand. The rest of the consignment is held up "somewhere on the prairies."

The *M. A. C. W. Mission Message* is the title of a Catholic Mission Magazine devoted to the organization of Catholic women for missionary effort at home and in heathen countries. The *Mission Message* is published in Milwaukee, Wis. It has the approbation of Archbishop Messmer, and is the organ of the American Branch of the Missionary Association of Catholic Women, whose center is in Europe. The magazine is printed by the *Society of the Divine Word*, in Techny, Ill.

#### THE LIGHTNING CHAIN.

*Here is an idea (we borrow one occasionally) for pushing THE FIELD AFAR:*

Get 12 friends to become subscribers.

Induce each of the 12 to find 8 more and to ask each of these 8 to secure 4 others.

If the plan works, you will have added nearly 500 to our circulation. Figure it out!

W E H A V E B E E N G R O W I N G



## Maryknoll Activities.



"They lay for us in a friendly way."

ALMOST every male citizen at Maryknoll is "doing his bit" for his country, and those who cannot work can talk or boss. The land's the thing, especially when it holds such possibilities as corn, potatoes, cabbages, beets, turnips, carrots, onions, together with other edibles, and the Maryknollers' gave up some weeks ago their weekly walk,—occasional study time, also—for service on the farm.

The live-stock, too, has become livelier. The cows are making milk when the sun shines and when it doesn't shine. They are all on the day and night shift. The hogs work a great part of the day, ceasing operations only when there is nothing else to do. They are a loyal bunch and they root for us with slightest encouragement. The two mules—dear, faithful creatures—and *Starlight*, our only horse, have made up for the untimely deaths of some of their kind who failed us at crucial periods. These three are models of perseverance.

We should not forget the hens. They lay for us in a friendly way, and their respective families run into an aggregate of hundreds. Chicken Park is really quite a village, and we feel that some cocky individuals down there from Plymouth Rock are quite justified in throwing out their chests and cackling, these fine mornings of early summer.

Farm help has of course been a problem here. Fortunately we do not have to reckon with a su-

perintendent. We have the one and only original one with us yet—now a priest—and he is training a young auxiliary from the Middle West, who would rather run the length of a furrow behind a plow than take a day off.

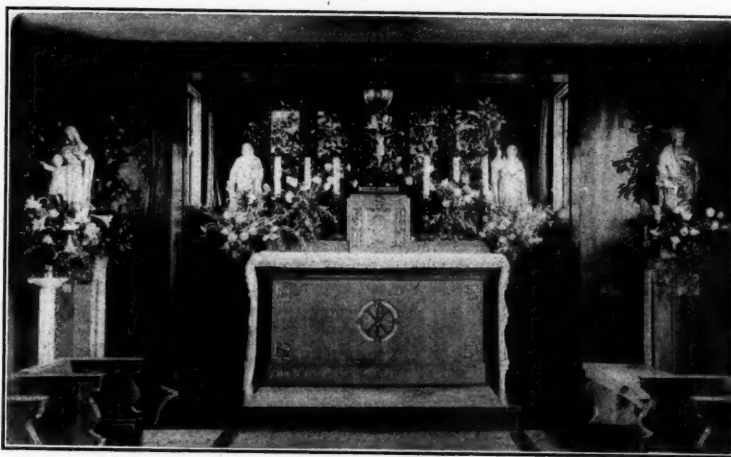
Passing under the eyes of these two steady members of our community, have gone—perhaps to return, for nearly every one comes back to Maryknoll,—a little procession of willing workers and heavy eaters. They came and went, and some came back and went again. One was a lordly French refugee, a man who would have looked the part if he had worn an evening suit at a White House reception or straddled a horse as a traffic policeman on Fifth Avenue. Albert was his name. When we watched him curl the ends of his golden mustache until they pointed cloudwards we forgot that we were supposed to give him orders. Albert had troubles of his own outside, so one fine day he packed his overalls and jumper, made a profound how, and left us,—in the lurch.

Our supervising farmer brushed up his Sunday suit and took his eyes off the fields once

this past spring, when he went up to Brewster to *preach a sermon and buy a cow*,—something of a St. Paul combination.

We have had quite a list of bills to settle, but we are happy to be able to settle them. After all, what is money good for but to pay it out? We do not like to spend it, however, for digging trenches and we have been doing quite a little of that kind of war work the past spring. An antiquated pipeline leading to the brook had to be replaced, and St. Joseph's House needed a two-hundred-foot connection with the main sewer. When we had such miserable kind of work to accomplish before, we did it with *John D.'s* money. This time some of your hard-earned dollars went into it,—but what could we do?

We gave a delicate hint once that we should welcome a contribution towards digging the grave of a huge sea-serpent up on our hill. The hint waved out from our wireless but was caught by only three stations. The return from one of those, however, was worth what might have come from a few hundred, and it enabled us to square a substantial percentage of the cost.



THE SEMINARY CHAPEL IN FEAST-DAY GARB.

B Y 1 , 0 0 0 A W E E K .

We were getting along rapidly with St. Joseph's when word came from the local chief of the labor wigwam that wages had advanced beyond the scale for which we had contracted, and we felt obliged to discharge all but two of the sawwielders.

Those of our readers who live anywhere along the high road between this blessed Knoll and Boston, or from there to the wilds of Maine, may expect, sometime this coming summer, to be visited by two of Maryknoll's aspirants, —or to be passed by with nary a nod if the Chi Rho sign is not high on the door post.

One of these lads,—tall and lean as a German periscope,—hails from Connecticut and will pay an afternoon call upon his family the third or fourth day out from Ossining. He will be seen afar off; as he looms up on the horizon; but no fatted calf will long detain him under the parental roof. The other aspirant is of "low visibility" but can be detected at close range, standing "5 ft. 3" when not too much "down at the heels,"—as he is likely to be before making his afternoon call upon relatives in Maine.

The two will walk. The plan is to leave Maryknoll with neither "scrip nor purse," to sleep under haystacks when other hospitality is lacking, and in general to trust to an all-seeing Providence as the good Maryknoller habitually does.

Will any readers who meet with these travelers on their journey report latitude, longitude, and other observations to Headquarters-on-the-Hudson, for the edification of our more conventional or less venturesome souls?

Everybody knows the need China has for apostolic workers, but no one realizes it better than does a bishop in China. He senses it in a manner positively sad. May God bless your Seminary at Maryknoll! May He raise up many vocations among the young and ardent Catholics of the United States. (Bp. Rayssac, Swatow.)

Over at St. Teresa's and at THE FIELD AFAR Building, which the Teresians have invaded, war-time activity is noticeable. The patriotism of these good women is expressed by the flag that flies its inspiring appeal outside of their workroom windows, and by the gardens which, in spare moments, they stoop to cultivate.

This leads us to say something more than usual about the Teresians, and the subject is one that has elicited many inquiries.

The Teresians now number twenty. It is largely to their energy that our FIELD AFAR readers owe the regular appearance of this monthly visitor and of occasional messengers like Dinny Dun, Hokey-Poki, the Red Hand, and the Touch family. To the Teresians our printer looks for the prompt appearance of copy, corrected proof, and so forth. The Ossining post-office is swamped with the work of Teresian hands; and some office-supply companies would lose considerable profit if they were withdrawn from Maryknoll. The Seminary counts on them for several household needs, and their stitch in time saves many a dime for needy students and for not less needy faculty.

Better than all this co-operation, however, is the value of their daily Communions, their frequent prayers, and their unstinted sacrifices.

Loyal they are to a woman,—and this means that they are strong in their loyalty to Maryknoll and all for which it stands. Few who have come into their body in the past five years have left it; and of those, one, offering her life for the work, is with God as its intercessor.

The Teresians have already been recognized by Rome as a society of pious women; banded together to aid the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. They have been warmly encouraged by His Eminence, Cardinal

## Bernadette of Lourdes

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13 x 18 —(plate 10 x 12) \$1.50—two subjects.

Samples sent on application.

Leaflets of prayers with Bernadette's picture in halftone, 50 cents per hundred.

All the above Photogravures and Leaflets offered to the Clergy and Sisters in quantities at half price.

Through special arrangement sold for the benefit of its mission work by

### THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY OF AMERICA

Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York

Farley, to establish themselves in a permanent home at or near Maryknoll.

All of the Teresians have been made Tertiaries of St. Dominic, that they may share in the numerous spiritual privileges of the great Order, and they are under the direction of a Dominican nun who has come out of the West—from Sinsinawa, Wisconsin—to help in their more perfect organization.

*In these days when the great war in Europe has closed the door of support to the heroic missionaries in far off heathen lands it is the Will of God that we do all we can to keep alive the seed of Catholic faith watered by the blood of so many heroes, and while we cannot go ourselves to share their dangers we can at least give a little of our goods to feed and clothe them. (Bishop Cusack.)*

A Record Book for twelve subscriptions will be mailed to you at your request.

M A R Y K N O L L I S S U S T A I N E D

## Vénard Notes.

ACTING on the President's message of April 15, we have turned in earnest to the farm. All classes but two have been dropped and all available energy not essential to the administration of the institution has been turned out-of-doors. When one



"THE PROFESSOR"—A FAMILIAR FIGURE AT CLARK'S GREEN.

realizes that we have a hundred acres of arable land, it will be readily seen that we are in a good position to render patriotic service as farm-soldiers.

We have planted seventy-five bushels of potatoes, about six thousand cabbage and cauliflower plants, five acres of turnips and mangels, plots of beans, peas, parsnips, kale, spinach, Brussels sprouts, lettuce and onions, and about six hundred gooseberry, raspberry, currant and other bushes. Then there are on the premises an apple and a plum orchard, which rendered a favorable account of themselves last year. Five horses, twenty head of cattle, six hogs, and three hundred hens constitute our supply of live-stock.

With all these resources we hope to be not only self-supporting, so as to avoid all unnecessary drain on the general market, but also able to contribute something of a surplus towards the needs of our country in the present crisis. The regular daily toil of thirty young men, even though they are for the most part still inexperienced, is no small item in the present economy of things. Judging by the success thus far attained, we hope to accomplish much by the end of the year.

On rainy days, when the soil is unfit for cultivation, the energies of the

farm contingent are turned to the improvement of house and grounds, the building and repairing of fences, and the removal of trees that have seen their best days.

While we would not for a moment deny the existence of dark clouds, we insist whenever possible on seeing the silver lining within them. We were loathe to have the Vénards suffer a set-back in their studies; yet we see certain advantages for them in the change. The idea that they are making a sacrifice for their country—which is next to God in their hearts—cannot fail to quicken their patriotic pulse; a perfect spirit of good fellowship is fostered by their being thrown constantly together; and the hard work in the open air, by toughening their physical frames, must do them a world of good. Our only misgiving now is that, if their appetites keep on increasing as they have done with their labors, there may not be much of a surplus for Uncle Sam when harvest time comes around.

We have been amused at times with the names given us by tradesmen and correspondents. Now, by the irony of fate, some of these names fit better than we thought, e. g., "Van Art School" and "Catholic Farm Missions."

With the advent of real spring weather, the temptation to write poetry becomes almost irresistible. Even the normal American boy, who usually enjoys a fair share of "poise," finds himself sometimes under its spell. Consequently, at the Vénard, there have been perpetrated of late not a few poetic effusions of "more or less" literary merit. Here is one inspired by the *Euterpean* muse, entitled:

"The Vénard Song."

(To the tune of "Alleluia, Alleluia, let the Joyful Anthem Rise.")

Vénard, 'cherished Alma Mater, loyal hearts well up in song,  
Thee to tell their deep devotion: hear it echo sweet and strong.  
God has called us to thy standard; we are grateful one and all.  
We'll be faithful, Alma Mater, to thy spirit and our call.

As we love our God and country, as our hearths and homes are dear,  
So we love thy sacred portals, and thy blessed name revere.  
Thou shalt find us e'er devoted, while there's life-blood in our veins,  
Ever faithful, Alma Mater, we'll be other Théophanes.

Allow us to present to you the "Vénard Literary Society." Its aim is to foster the writing and spreading of mission literature and to create an interest in the English classics, especially the works of Cardinal Newman. The

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.

meetings will take place every three weeks. Already the Society is furnishing a weekly column to the *Scranton Light*, and enthusiasm and ambition along literary lines are much in evidence.

By those who realize the missionary's need of a ready pen, the importance of the newly established society will be seen to be of no little moment. May the "Vénard Literary Society" have a long and successful career, and effect all the good for the missions which it at present promises.

FIELD AFAR readers may yet be victimized by this innocent young thing.

In the issue of THE FIELD AFAR for December, 1912, there appeared a note of thanks for some help from South Framingham, Mass. The note concluded with a prophecy that some day that parish might have a personal representative in the work of the Foreign Missions. This prophecy seems to have been realized by the entry last September of a S. Framingham young man to the Vénard School.

Yours faithfully,

A. VÉNARD,  
Clark's Green, Pa.



WHERE PATRIOTIC SERVICE IS BEING RENDERED BY FARM-SOLDIERS OF THE VÉNARD.



## June Roses.

This bouquet is for you on your roth birthday, dear Maryknoll. It is made up of pluckings from all over the country.



*Maryknoll in the North*

Yours sincerely, An Admirer.

Thank you, thank you, dear Admirer; and may you live to bring more bouquets.

Gratefully yours, Mary Knoll.

A SEMINARIAN may feel that he is not in a position to do much for such a work as ours, but in many of our seminaries individual students find a way of satisfying their desire to help us.

If you were not a busy man I would write you a longer note, and if I were not a poor man I would send you a bigger one. (Menlo Park, Calif.)

This offering is the result of the efforts of some six seminarians to correct their English. Each mistake in English is subject to a fine of one cent.

We will try to get others interested. (St. Bernard's, Rochester, N. Y.)

The retreat of our students is approaching and I thought that perhaps you would like to have me distribute among them some of the literature descriptive of your activities. Then, too, I should appreciate very much if you would send me about a dozen mite-boxes because I am in hopes that I may be able to collect a few cents for you. (St. Xavier College, Ohio.)

We always like to hear from Maryknoll, for we have learned to love her ways and to know her needs. Smiling, she cheerfully and touchingly tells us her troubles and noble ambitions, and then with varying ingenuity she suggests that we might help her. On these occasions our hearts grow large and generous. Unfortunately, however, our pocket-books, with their few chips, retain their same poor proportions. We do the one thing we can do—we give a little, but with a large, generous, and praying heart. Let's hope the day is not far distant when we shall be able to give more.

Your land-slip took well with the seminarians; we had some genuine fun in choosing and assigning the "lots." Please send me a few more of these slips. Perhaps I can send you in exchange a few more greenbacks. (St. Charles' Seminary, Carthage, Ohio.)

Being greatly interested in the work your FIELD AFAR is doing for the spread of missionary zeal, we take this opportunity to tell you of one of the means by which we try to aid the missions. We have here at St. Francis' a society called the Eucharistic League for the Missions. The majority of the students belong to it. Every Monday morning the members go to Holy Communion in a body and offer those Communions for the welfare of the Missions. After Mass prayers for the missions are said as part of the thanksgiving.

We mention this as a suggestion to other seminaries and to schools and colleges. Over two hundred students belong to our League and there is no reason why like numbers should not be found to join elsewhere. The establishment of a League is very easy; we will gladly give all desired information.

May all seminaries and college soon have their Eucharistic League for the Missions! (Prov. Sem., St. Francis, Wis.)

Here is a refreshing breeze from a seminary in the Middle West. The writer reveals himself without further introduction:

In the very act of attaching the Chi Rho pin to my cassock I became a Maryknoll booster. After several inquiries from my confreres as to where I got that "Pax" or "Free Mason" pin, I became quite proficient in explaining that it came from Maryknoll, the headquarters of the wide-awake Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

My next move was to devise some more effective way of putting your Society before the public. So I put a "bug in the ear" of the Senior of the Seminary and of the Moderator of our Literary Society, suggesting that they make one of our meetings a Mission Session, during which the two main papers should treat of "The Development of the Mission Spirit in the U. S." and "The Parish Priest and the Foreign Missions."

I am enclosing a list of our Seminarians, so that you may, if you think advisable, send to each a mite-box and an appeal to come to the aid of the mission cause, if not financially at least with interest in the work and use of personal influence to interest others.

## With Our Youth.

Out in Hiteman, Iowa, the children of St. Patrick's School have disposed of seven dollars' worth of land-slips. Another hundred feet of Maryknoll ground is credited to the altar-boys of the same place.

From a class at St. Joseph's Academy in St. Augustine, Florida, came recently a gift of nearly seven dollars, with the announcement that it was made by publishing a small class paper,—a generous rival to THE FIELD AFAR.

Little Agnes Finnicks, who has been *bursing* for Maryknoll, signs herself, "Yours truly to death." This looks like a Teresian in the making. Agnes has also entrapped her sister and her chum. She herself is eleven years young and her sister Mary is twelve—considerably older.

*Holy Spirit, Spirit of Truth, come into our hearts; shed the brightness of Thy light on all nations, that they may be one in faith and pleasing to Thee. (100 days' Indulgence, once a day.)*

We still hear that babies cry for THE FIELD AFAR.

Mary Angela is beginning to talk. Her first prayers will be offered for foreign missions.

So writes a subscriber, thereby proving that babies can do better for THE FIELD AFAR than cry for it.

"Accept this dollar from the savings of a tiny little girl with a heart for the missions. I ask your prayers for all my family of five who are sick. Two have been very sick, and the oldest boy, eight years old, is never very well. He is very sick now. I wish I could know if I would have even one son a good missionary. I would be glad. I ask God to spare them for His service only, not for this world or for me, but for our Blessed Lord. Mary, four years old, gave me her pennies. Please pray for us all."

If you wish not to be bothered with annual payments, send, within the space of two years, fifty dollars and you will receive The Field Afar during your life.

W E A R E A I M I N G T O S E C U R E



## RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Camera, M. O'K., N. Y.; books, J. O'D., Conn.; vestments and missal, Rev. Friend, N. Y.; altar linen, M. V. C., Mass.; ink pencil, J. C., R. I.; clothing, J. J. O'T., N. J.; scapulars, F. S.; cinctures, M. D., N. Y.; soap, H. K., N. Y.; seed, J. R. C., N. Y.; clothing, Rev. Friend, Conn.; clothing, Rev. Friend, N. Y.; books, G. G., N. Y.; stole and burses, R. M., N. Y.; book, Sr. M. C., R. I.; collar-buttons, shoe-strings, etc., St. Francis', N. Y.

Old coins, jewelry, etc.: M. B., Mass.; P. J. C., Conn.; M. A. S., N. Y.; R. A. M., R. I.; J. H. B., Mass.; E. C. M., Mass.; M. O'C., Mass.; M. A. S., Conn.

Cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc.: M. E. D., Mass.; Anon., Pa.; J. McK., Ala.; T. L., Conn.; M. G. B., R. I.; S. S., Pa.; Anon., Conn.; M. R., N. Y.; M. A. K., Pa.; E. J. M., N. Y.; A. W. C., N. J.; J. C., N. Y.; J. R., Pa.; C., N. Y.; E. V. S., Ala.; St. Elizabeth's, N. J.; Sr. C., N. Y.; Srs. of Mercy, Vt.; Poor Clares, Mass.; Srs. of Charity, N. S.; P. J. O'B., Conn.; Catholic Women's Club, Mass.; F. R. M., Pa.; G. R. M., Pa.; G. M. Q., Conn.; Mt. St. Mary's, N. H.; M. L., N. Y.; St. Joseph's, Ind.; H. E. T., D. C.; M., N. Y.; A. M. C., Md.; A. B., Pa.

## RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Books and stationery, M. A. T., Pa.; candlesticks, L. C., Pa.; candy, flowers, fruit, Mrs. P. J. J., Pa.; P. and A. C., H. C. B., Mrs. T. O'G., Mrs. M. C., Pa.; M. R. and Mrs. D. M., N. Y.; clothes, C. McC., Mass.; linen and candy, G. and J. C., Pa.; tinfoil, M. M., Pa.

From "somewhere in Hartford" have come vestments, a monstrance, and other church furnishings, for all of which we are grateful to the unknown giver.

Milford, Connecticut, has lately supplied Maryknoll with a goodly stock of Church needs, including vestments and sacred vessels. The church sacristy, the pastor's pocket, and the convent treasury, were evidently all drawn upon to make up the generous offering.

**W**ILL our readers remember as they would like to be remembered in prayer the souls of:

Rev. Joseph Little      Mrs. P. Monakey  
John W. McGuire      Patrick F. McGuire  
John Slamon      Mrs. E. McLoughlan  
James E. Boland      M. M. Flannagan  
Mrs. J. Bangasser      Sr. Neri

## NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: J. C. S.; Mrs. C. Q.; Rev. Friend; P. J. S.; E. B.; J. B.; Mrs. J. E. O'B.; M. R.

"Render to God the things that are His—for the night cometh, when no man can work."

## FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
California	\$218.42	7
Colorado		1
Connecticut	84.50	219
District of Columbia	29.75	3
Florida	6.65	
Idaho		1
Illinois	25.25	265
Indiana	10.00	2
Iowa	100.00	12
Kansas		1
Kentucky	17.90	5
Louisiana	10.00	1
Maine	76.75	6
Maryland	166.34	3
Massachusetts	1,833.51	64
Michigan	16.00	1
Minnesota	1.00	3
Missouri	23.00	78
Nebraska	1.00	2
New Hampshire	25.35	8
New Jersey	52.05	45
New York	1,268.08	758
North Dakota	18.00	
Ohio	47.90	6
Oregon		1
Pennsylvania	516.07	65
Rhode Island	181.27	243
South Dakota	3.00	1
Texas	15.00	10
Vermont	102.15	
Virginia		1
West Virginia	6.00	1
Wisconsin	5.00	

## FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Belgium	\$1.00	
Canada	17.00	6
England		1
Hawaii		1
Ireland		1

Total of New Subscribers 1,822

A Maryknoll Pin—the Chi Rho—is yours for the asking if, when sending a new subscription or renewal, you add: "Send me a pin."

## MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.  
Sold up to June 1, 1917, 2,631,443 "  
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,818,557 "  
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

## VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.  
Sold up to June 1, 1917, 1,014,444 "  
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,047,570 "

## STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

## COMPLETED BURSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000.
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.
Holy Trinity Burse.....	5,000.
Father B. Burse.....	6,273.31

## PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Abp. John J. Williams Burse..	\$5,278.21
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse	4,938.00
Cheverus Centennial School Burse .....	*3,177.12
All Souls Burse.....	3,176.34
St. Joseph Burse.....	2,446.40
St. Teresa Burse.....	2,043.50
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse....	2,000.12
Little Flower Burse (Vénard)...	1,984.49
Holy Ghost Burse.....	1,768.54
St. Patrick Burse.....	1,599.87
Bl. Th. Vénard Burse (Vénard)	1,201.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,169.29
Pius X. Burse.....	1,041.00
St. Dominic Burse.....	976.57
Precious Blood Burse.....	966.60
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse....	935.87
St. Columba Burse.....	915.90
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	838.76
St. Anthony Burse.....	826.60
Bl. Sacrament Burse (Vénard)	412.50
Curé of Ars Burse.....	371.23
St. Francis of Assisi Burse....	354.60
St. Stephen Burse.....	346.00
Susan Emery Memorial Burse...	302.20
C. Burse.....	300.00
Holy Family Burse.....	250.00
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	223.51
St. Lawrence Burse.....	221.75
St. John the Baptist Burse.....	198.00
O. L. of Mercy Burse.....	160.54
St. Boniface Burse.....	149.40
St. Agnes Burse.....	141.25
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse...	140.00
St. Rita Burse.....	135.25
St. Anne Burse.....	125.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	110.00
All Saints Burse.....	95.95
Joan of Arc Burse.....	73.20
O. L. of Victory Burse.....	67.00
Gemma Galgani Burse.....	36.00
Holy Name Burse.....	28.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund..	\$9,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund .....	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	1,371.91
Bread Fund.....	303.47
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund .....	85.00

\*On hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

FIFTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

### New Circles.

TWO Philadelphia friends who visited Maryknoll during Holy Week returned to their homes anxious to form a Maryknoll Auxiliary. One of the two died shortly afterwards, on the eve of the first meeting, but the little Circle was formed—with the encouragement of Rev. Dr. Garrigan, Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith—and the death of the first member, for whose soul we ask a prayer, will insure the success of this new centre of effort for Maryknoll.

The meeting of the new Auxiliary coincided with the Consecration of Bishop McCloskey, and as that occasion brought to Philadelphia two Maryknoll priests one of them attended the meeting and outlined the work of our young Society.

Miss Katherine Dever was chosen president and Miss Mary McGuchin secretary and treasurer.

Philadelphia's well-known generosity has been doing much to gather alms for the foreign missions, and its Maryknoll Auxiliary will help to supplement that needed work by its interest in aspirant missionaries. The Auxiliary will probably take for its first task the completion of the Blessed Sacrament Burse for the Vénard Apostolic School. This burse was started by a Philadelphian.

Here is a suggestive Circle letter from Bridgeport, Connecticut:

The postals and prayer-prints arrived safe. So many wanted the China and African postals that we want you to send us some more. One new subscriber, an associate member, and four Memorial Associate members, were obtained by just showing the cards, and the girl who showed them was thanked for the privilege given.

We enjoyed Series 2 in the Maryknoll Talks and would like to have them twice a month hereafter. We followed them up with reading from THE FIELD AFAR one evening, and a story from *Stories from The Field Afar* another.

Enclosed is a money-order for \$16.12, the fruit of last month's efforts. The dues and mite-box offerings are for what ever purpose you wish to use

them, but we should like to have our Burse boosted a little.

All have not yet decided on the Chi Rho rings, but hope to order them soon. (Joan of Arc Circle.)



### MARIA MISSION CIRCLES.

June is the month of roses. The rose is an emblem of charity. "Charity" is the motto of the Maria Circles. The month of June, then, our Circles feel is especially their own.

The spirit of charity prevails in a very marked degree with the Maria Circles, through the rule forbidding discussion of persons or of personal affairs at our meetings.

If, under the spell of the month of June, we may be allowed a fanciful comparison, just as we cannot toil among the roses without an appreciation of their beauty and fragrance, so we cannot work for God's glory and our neighbor's good without finding return blessings on our own souls. This is happily evidenced by the latest development in the plan for Maria Circle reading. The regular mission reading is to be supplemented by a more extensive reading of the New Testament and such books as "The Following of Christ," the Lives of the Saints, "An Introduction to the Devout Life," and so forth. Special attention is to be given to review and explanation of the Catechism.

The Catholic Women's Foreign Mission Auxiliary of New York City made its yearly pilgrimage to Maryknoll recently.

The day was threatening but a goodly number, including the President and Secretary, came and found all at the Knoll glad to welcome them.

Why not think of *A Maryknoll Annuity*? The plan could not be simpler. Here it is:

You give to Maryknoll (i. e., to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, which is incorporated by the State of New York) a sum of money, in the hundreds or thousands as you decide.

Our Society draws up a written agreement, accepting your money and binding itself legally to pay interest to you regularly until your death. In this way much trouble is avoided.

### THAT SUMMER VACATION!

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